

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXVI. }

AUGUST, 1874.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. III. NO. 8.



THE DONKEY RIDE.

For The Dayspring.

NELLIE'S THEFT.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

"MOTHER, may I go to the Exchange and buy a doll like Minnie Adams's new one?"

"How much is it?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"Why, child! mamma can't afford to spend two dollars and a half on a doll, when you have a half a dozen in your play-room already, and are needing a new pair of Sunday boots. You must try to make Susie, and Topsey, and Jennie, and Gracie, and Georgie, and Victoria, answer your purpose until your papa gets the doctor's bill paid. He was sick so long, you know, it will take a long time to pay all the bills that gathered then. They'll do, won't they, dear?" patting the little golden curls."

"But they're so dil-dil-dilatipated," said Nellie, stumbling on the word she heard her aunt say when she looked over them.

It was true: for she had dropped Susie into the meal-barrel, Topsey in a barrel of water; Jennie had barely escaped a scorching by falling into the ash-pan; Gracie had been left near a hen's nest for several days, where she had had to do duty as market-woman, and been forgotten, and the biddies had shown their resentment by pecking one eye out and little holes in her plaster neck; Georgie had tumbled from the rack into the coal-bin, where he had been stationed as "George Adams, Esq., coal-dealer;" and Victoria, the Queen's namesake, think of it! had a hole in her forehead, one arm gone, a foot with the toes where the heel belonged (a little mistake of Nellie's), one ear crumbled out, and her crown lost down the sink drain. What do you think of that for a family of dollies? I don't think they were so very much to blame; for no general ever marshalled his men oftener, or ordered them into tighter places,

than Nellie did. Her mother knew it; but because it afforded her a deal of pleasure, and the oldest one was seven years old (just six months younger than Nellie), and the youngest was a year old the Christmas before, she let her do just as she pleased with them, provided she was not naughty or rude.

She was a kind, obedient little girl, and always had been very truthful, and her mamma had tried very hard to keep her so; so she said gently, —

"If my little girl will have patience with the old ones till papa can afford it better, mamma will see about a doll the very first thing;" and away went Nellie with a kiss on her lips.

The next day, at school, the girls agreed to bring their dinners and dolls, and play in the "pine-needle house" in the woods, a little way from it. They had often done it before; but now Nellie knew that many of them had new ones, and that Minnie Adams's was a very pretty one.

But the next morn she took Gracie out of the nice little cradle, with its pink covering, her auntie had given her, and at noon pulled her out from the desk with a very red face.

"What ails her mouth and neck?" screamed Josie Phillips.

Minnie looked. Horrors! She had upset the ink, and Gracie looked as if she had drank half a pint. After that, poor Gracie was not very highly respected by any of them, but grew positively disgusting to Nellie when Minnie Adams pulled hers out of a dainty-looking damask towel.

She kept wishing it was hers all the noon-time, and after school began she could think of nothing else. You see that was covetousness, and the commandment says, "Thou shalt not covet;" but Nellie didn't know what such a big word meant, but her heart got ahead of her, and knew just how its meaning felt.

She began wrong, for she didn't try to put it out of her mind, but kept wanting it all the time. Wasn't that naughty?

And when Daisy Hartley said, after school was done, —

"Let's leave them here to play with to-morrow noon," a wicked thought came into Nellie's little head. I'm sorry to say she gave it plenty of room, and, instead of going straight home, she walked with the girls as far as where the path turned away from the road they went on. She went only a little way in it, and waited behind the trees till they were out of sight, then ran very fast back to the school-house. The teacher had gone, and Charley Whitmore, the "chore-boy," had not "locked up."

She crept in softly, and went on tiptoe to Minnie's desk. She took up the doll and unwrapped the damask towel from it; and, I am so sorry to say it, she put it under her shawl and ran out of the school-house, and did not stop to take a good breath till she had got it up to her play-room, and covered it up head and toes with the pink coverlet in the pretty cradle.

And somehow then she couldn't breathe good; she never felt so before. She could eat no supper, and acted so strangely, her mother feared she was sick, so went with her to her little bed before her papa came from his day's work. She tried to say her prayer, but burst into tears.

Her mother feared something was wrong.

"Has my little girl done any thing wrong to-day, and does she want to ask the dear God to forgive her?"

"No," said Nellie. She meant the *no* for the last half of her mother's question; for she began to fear she had been so naughty he wouldn't forgive her if she did ask him.

Wasn't it strange that she did not know better than that? Well, older folks than Nellie forgot that he will forgive worse, very

much worse sins than hers; so I can't blame her so very much for thinking so. Can you?

"Does your head ache, darling?" and Nellie said yes, which was very true; so she bathed the little head with the golden curls, and never thought of what a wicked thought had been nestling underneath them ever since noon, but bade her good-night, and she soon cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she was very sorry for her wicked theft, but she said to herself, —

"I can't go back and tell her I am a thief; for she will tell the girls and the teacher, and then papa and mamma will have to know it, and I sha'n't be thought any thing good of any more for ever and ever."

How strange it is that half of the wicked things we do and say is because we are afraid to have folks think ill of us!

But I must tell you of one good thing she thought to do. She took Jenny along for "Cripple Alice" to play with all day, thinking it would please her; for she could only lie in bed month after month, while her mother did washings and ironings to feed them both. But for all she was so poor, she was richer than Nellie, for she couldn't have stolen a pin, certainly not a doll.

At noon, of course, there was a great stir made to find out about the doll; but no one thought of asking Nellie about it, for they loved her too well to think her so naughty.

That night she did another very good thing. She got out of bed after her mamma had gone downstairs, and said very softly, —

"Please, dear Jesus, help me. I've been naughty, and done — and done something very naughty. I don't want to tell anybody of it, but I want to get the doll back somehow. Please show me a good way. Amen."

That was a good beginning; but you see she got to talking just like some older folks. She was too proud to own it to anybody,

and wouldn't even say the ugly word *stole*, even in Jesus' ear, but called it "something naughty;" and the *good way* meant a way that folks would think she was a nice, honest girl, instead of a poor, unhappy thief. I'm sure Nellie isn't alone in the world. You, and I, and many others, have thought just such thoughts.

Well, nearly two weeks had gone by, and the talk about the stolen doll was dropped about the school-house, but Minnie had many a cry over it. Her papa had bought her another, but the eyes were blue instead of black, and the cheeks were not half as red as her lost "Maggie Mitchell."

Nellie breathed easier, though she had never uncovered it, and, it being in her play-room, no one else had seen it.

She didn't even ask the Lord to show her a good way now; but he had a good way all ready, and one day Nellie began to walk in it before she knew it.

Minnie Adams was taken sick with the measles, which she had taken from her brother.

For the first few days she was not very sick; but she took a sudden cold, the "measles went in," and the doctor shook his head, and mamma cried, and so did the rest; but Nellie seemed to cry harder than they all, and the night that her mamma went over to help Minnie's mother take care of her, because they feared she might die ere the morning, Nellie could not sleep.

She saw her sin as she never had before, and about midnight she crept softly down to her father's room, and woke him with sobs.

"Oh, I have been so very, very wicked, papa! I was the one who stole Minnie Adams's pretty doll; and I'm so afraid she'll die, and the angels will tell her who did it, and I can't have a chance to tell her how sorry I am. Please, papa, get up and go over with me. I'm not afraid to tell her now. I want to. I can't help it if all the scholars

call me a thief; I can't have her go to heaven and not know that I am willing to own up my naughtiness."

Jesus was putting her in "a good way," sure enough; for, ever since she had stolen the dollie, she had felt willing for almost everybody else to know it sooner than her father.

He was very much shocked to know his little girl could do such a wicked thing, and said,—

"I would sooner have worked all night to have earned the money to have purchased you one; but I trust it will be a lesson to you for life. I do not think it best to go over until your mamma returns. If she is living, and you will tell your mamma what you have told me, we will go with you."

Morning came, and Nellie told her mother all the truth, with many sobs and promises for the future.

"Yes, dear, we will go; she does not know any of us, and has called for her doll many times during the night. When we gave it to her, she would moan and say, 'No, the pretty stolen one, mamma; the pretty lost one.' I never once dreamed my child had it, that my Nellie was a thief!"

"Oh, don't cry, mamma! I know I never can take what is not mine again. I promise you I never will so long as I live."

"With the dear Jesus' help."

"Yes, mamma;" and, taking her mamma's hand, they went over and stepped softly into the sick-room, while the sorrowful papa waited at the door.

As she came to the bed, Minnie threw her arms out wildly, and said feebly,—

"If they would only bring back my dolly, I'm so homesick for her. Oh, how naughty they were to steal her from me!"

'Twas a hard word to hear, but Nellie laid the doll softly on her arm.

A smile came over Minnie's face when her

mamma raised the doll and held it before her.

"Here it is, darling."

"So it is! My pretty Maggie! And nobody stole her. I'm so glad, for I didn't want to think any of the girls could be so naughty;" and, hugging it tightly, she sank into a slumber more refreshing than for many days and nights.

It was hard that Nellie had to go home without a word to Minnie; for the latter didn't even know her own mamma.

"Nellie, Mrs. Adams says, if you prefer, she will not tell Minnie how the doll came back, and then the school-children need not know."

"I shall tell them myself; for I think it is a great deal worse for Jesus, and you, and papa, to know I am a thief, than for all the rest of the world to know."

Her mother was very glad to have her show how sorry she was by trying to do better.

"If they think I am a thief, I shall try to act so they will know better; but if they do, I shall know I deserve it. But I never uncovered or looked at her all that time, mamma."

She had to wait through a long, long week before she could go over and tell Minnie how sorry she was; and after Minnie had freely forgiven her, she said, —

"Nellie, mamma and I think you have suffered so much that you ought to have a little reward; so please accept the new doll papa bought in Maggie's place."

Nellie burst into tears, and, after thinking a little, said, — *

"Please, Mrs. Adams and Minnie, I don't want to be paid for telling you what I ought to have told long before; so, if you are willing, I'll hug and kiss it just once, and put it in my pretty cradle and cover it with the pink coverlet, and carry it down to 'Cripple Alice.' She can't have any such things."

They thought it very noble in her to give up what she had so longed for; so she carried it to Alice, and I can't tell you what joy went with it and staid with it.

Nellie thought it was almost worth all her sorrow to see Alice's tears of joy as she hugged it to her bosom.

"Jesus did show me 'a good way,' mamma, but 'twas hard at first," she said when she got home.

A SUMMER VACATION-SONG FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

[Before Vacation, Newport, July 26, 1874.]

MIDSUMMER's glow and glory crown
The teeming earth, o'er hill and plain;
The blessing and the grace come down
On corn and vine and waving grain.

Contentment, peace, and rapture brood —
The smile of heaven — o'er hill and vale;
By sunny field and shady wood
White clouds, like wings of angels, sail.

This is the year's resplendent noon;
Now through the long midsummer hours,
The locust sings his drowsy tune,
And roams the bee his realm of flowers.

Now plenty crowns the farmer's toil;
The mower's chariot sweeps the land;
Joint offspring of the sun and soil,
Green crops in glistening beauty stand.

Sweet scene for childlike hearts to learn
The Gospel of the God of grace;
In Nature's beauty to discern
The glow of the Creator's face;

To see in heaven's clear, broad, blue eye,
The Maker's look of boundless love;
And, nightly, in the sparkling sky,
The windows of His home above!

To trace His finger in the flowers,
To feel His breath in ocean's breeze,
And hear His voice, in evening hours,
Low-whispering o'er the shadowy seas.

Thus, little flock! ye learn of One
Who, childlike, to the childlike came,
The Son of Man, God's holy Son,
To glorify our Father's name.

With Nature, as a mother dear,
In her divine embrace, he dwelt;
The Spirit whispered in his ear,
Its kindling breath his bosom felt.

The broad sky roofed his house of prayer;
There the all-present glory shone;
The sea his temple-floor, — and there,
When evening came, he was alone

With God, who all the seas and spheres
Holds in the hollow of His hand;
In whom, throughout the eternal years,
All souls abide, a household band.

Thus he, in Nature's solitude,
Found sweet society, and when,
By this communion calmed, he stood
Amidst the passionate throng of men,

Though pity touched his tender heart,
In sympathy made one with theirs,
In purity he walked apart
From evil thoughts and worldly snares.

O favored ones! to whom God's grace
Has given such Teacher, Friend, and Guide,
The shining path of life to trace,
And tread it with you side by side!

The voice that died on Nazareth's hills,
And on the shore of Galilee,
Still haunts the stream of time and thrills
With tidings of the parent-sea.

The hills and fields, — the skies and seas, —
The breath of heaven upon the brow;
Mysterious messenger, the breeze,
That comes and goes, — we know not how;

The flowers that greet us on our way,
The carol of the summer bird,
The laugh of children at their play, —
In all, His gentle voice who heard,

Who blessed the little ones, and said:
These are God's children; let them come,
And come ye too; be meekly led,
As children to your Father's home!

Who, in the white-robed lily's grace,
The winged warblers of the air,
Taught men their Father's love to trace,
And learn the lesson of His care;

Who still points men the heavenward way,
And whispers of their heavenly birth;
And bids them, children of the day,
Make for themselves a heaven on earth.

Go forth, then, children, young and old,
And as the hours new scenes unravel,
In this fair world of God behold
The school of the immortal soul;

A school where children's hearts may learn
Truths that angelic bosoms thrill;
And where the oldest, wisest, yearn
For brighter, broader visions still;

A school, where all are taught by God,
And great shall be his children's peace,
Where to a staff is changed the rod,
And all rebellious murmurings cease;

Where duty is the heart's delight;
Obedience, freedom; labor, play;
And life, with heaven's pure prize in sight,
One ceaseless, tireless, glad school-day.

Where the great Teacher's loving heart
His children's toil and gladness shares,
Even in their childish plays takes part,
And answers with his smile to theirs.

Nature is God: her works are all
In holy joy and freedom done;
Each is divine, — or great or small;
Lo! work and play with her are one.

When dying day's last lingering fire
Sinks slowly in the fading West,
Her sunlight plays on hill and spire
To charm man's eye and cheer his breast.

When clouds, at play in upper space,
Along the sunlit ether pass,
How sweetly play, in life-like chase,
The lights and shadows o'er the grass!

And when the cool wind creeps abroad,
How, like a living spirit, now, —
The spirit of the living God, —
The breezes play around thy brow!

And this is the all-Father's play!
Who yearns his children's lot to bless,
To gild the clouds that shade their way,
And hallow human happiness.

Rejoice, then, children, in your youth!
Rejoice in study, work, and play!
Rejoice in wisdom, virtue, truth!
Rejoice as children of the day!

For The Dayspring.

CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

HARRY NOBLE is a good little boy; he is not quite old enough to go to school, but hopes to be so next spring.

Harry has a little sister, whose name is Bessie. Bessie loves dearly to play with Harry, and they have many fine times together; but sometimes Harry gets tired of playing, and, when his sister comes and looks up in his face in her winning little way, Harry says, "No, no, Bessie, not now;" and then Bessie is so grieved that he has to play his prettiest plays to comfort her.

Sometimes they play horse, with a pair of bright reins, which kind Aunt Carrie made for them; and Harry has to walk very slowly, so that his little sister, who has not known how to walk very long, may not fall. Another way of playing is to harness one chair with the reins, and sit in another, and drive.

One day Uncle George came home from his store with a large box, in which, he said, was a present for Harry and Bessie; they opened it, and found a set of very nice blocks, which could be built up into almost any shape. Sometimes Harry builds with them a high tower; and when he has put on the very topmost block, he says, "Now, Bessie," and Bessie pushes the tower so that it falls over; and when the crash comes, she laughs so merrily that it does one's heart good to hear her.

But the play which seems to me the prettiest of all is the one they call "catching sun-

beams." A little golden sunbeam sometimes darts into the room, and falls on the bright carpet; then Baby Bess stretches out her chubby hand, and tries to catch it; it will seem to be just in the grasp of her little fingers, and she will shut them, and draw them toward her; but when she looks in her hand, it is not there; she wonders where it is gone; but when she looks back at the carpet, there it is dancing as merrily as ever! and then she laughs, and then Harry laughs, and they both laugh together. Oh, what a merry time they have "catching sunbeams"! No matter how tired they are, no matter how often they have played it before, it never fails to please them; and if they do not catch sunshine in their hands, at least their little hearts are full of it. I wish some older children could try this play, don't you?

THEKLA.

THE DOVE.

THERE sitteth a dove so fair and white
All on the lily spray;
And she listeneth how to the Saviour above
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers that the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings — that dove so mild —
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Miss Bremer.

SHORT SENTENCES.

A YOUNG man idle, an old man needy.
Forgiveness is sweet revenge.
Health is more precious than wealth.
A good tongue is a good weapon.
Every light has its shadow.



STUDYING.

CRADLE SONG.

Andante.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Gently sleep, my baby dear, baby dear.
 Lullaby, lullaby Sleep while mother sings.
 All the birds have gone to sleep, my dear,
 Sing lullaby, soft lullaby.
 Sleep while mother sings.

Gently sleep, my baby dear, baby dear.
 Lullaby, lullaby. Sleep while mother sings.
 So may baby sleep while mother sings
 Her lullaby, her lullaby.
 Sleep while mother sings.

STUDYING.

MISS ANNIE concluded one warm day to take her books in a shady nook, a little way from her house, and do her studying there. Just as she got ready to commence work, she happened to discover a spider near by, very busy spinning his thread, and weaving a web to catch careless flies and other insects for his noonday meal. The books were soon forgotten, she became so earnest in watching the spider at his wonderful work.

Was Annie wise? Ought she to have left the spider to attend to his work, while she attended to her own? That depends upon circumstances. If Annie had no more time than was necessary to do the work assigned her, she ought to have resolutely kept her attention upon her book. But the truth is, Annie was not attempting to accomplish a school-task. She took her books with her because she loved books, and did not love idleness. Her young mind was always busy-ing itself about something.

Annie was wise in watching the spider; and all girls and boys would be wise to watch what is going on about them a great deal more than they do. Men study nature, and then write books about nature. Boys and girls had better study nature, too, and so get the facts at first hand, and get them in an intelligible way. There are books which give pictures of the spider's web, and tell just how the spider spins it; but they cannot be so interesting as nature's book, which shows the living spider full of activity, tying his cords here and there, and putting in his cross-threads in most beautiful order. The spider has taught men many lessons of industry, perseverance, and skill.

Books are very good things indeed; that is, some books are. These books tell what men have seen, what they have thought, and what they have done, and are worth being

studied. But the best of all study is God's great books of the world, and of the soul. These are most worthy of study; and the great use of other books is to show how to study them.

The readers of the "Dayspring" are now generally free from school-tasks. The spiders are spinning their webs in the shut-up school-houses, and nobody cares. But the scholars are not asleep. Their brains are active. Bathing, fishing, ramblings in the woods, mountain-climbing, berrying, lily-gathering, all bring thoughts as well as enjoyment. The thought-power is busier than a spider in every mind, weaving the future out of the present. Vacation-weeks are weeks of real study with all wise boys and girls. Let them be assured that the more they keep their eyes open, the more will they find to enjoy. Fish, the weeds and stones on the sea-shore, flowers, fruits, plants, animals, will tell fine stories to all who will open their eyes to see and ears to hear.

A DONKEY RIDE.

JIMMY Stow was one day going to market leading his donkey. The donkey had a basket on each side, to hold the things that Jimmy was going to buy when he got to the town.

Mrs. May came out of the house, with little Henry May, just as Jimmy was going by. "Oh, see the donkey!" said Henry. "I want to ride! I want to ride!"

Now Jimmy was one of the boys that love little children; and he knew his donkey would not mind having such a little fellow in his

basket. So he asked Mrs. May if she was willing to let the little boy have a ride.

"Oh, let me ride, mamma, do! do!" said Henry. His mother took him up and put him in the basket, and a happier little fellow never was seen.

The donkey did not even look round to see what made the basket heavier, but moved along at a slow pace; Jimmy leading him and thinking him the best donkey in the world.

The basket moved up and down a little as donkey walked; but Henry held on, and was not afraid of falling. He rode about a quarter of a mile, down to grandma's; and then his mother lifted him from the basket. His arms had begun to grow a little tired, holding so tight.

Henry and his mother thanked Jimmy; and Henry thanked the donkey, too. Then Henry went into the house; and grandma had a good long story about the donkey ride. Grandma thought it was a most wonderful ride.

LITTLES.

LITTLE moments make an hour,
Little letters make a book;
Little seeds a tree or flower,
Drops of water make a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Make for thee a heaven above.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER IX. — *Eclipse and Cholera.*



VEN children go about so nowadays, that I shall surprise you when I say that Miriam and I lived on in Atkinson Street for eight years, with little change, summer or winter, except for a few days at Jamaica Plain and Brookline, perhaps a day at Nahant, and one visit that I made in Providence.

Sometimes we had the delight of a drive into the country, and once stayed at the Perry Farm in Brookline. What enchantment that first waking to country sounds, the cocks' crowing, the birds' singing; and, then, all the sweet smells coming in the window! Was there ever such another sloping roof, such brown bread, berries, and hay-stacks?

But even in our town-house we were not cut off from green sights and country sounds; for the spade was sometimes heard in the small garden, where the apricots and nectarines ripened, and many roses and common flowers bloomed. Our neat, spacious yard was shaded by fruit-trees, now beautiful to the eye with blossoms, and then pleasing to the taste with black and white-heart cherries, and brown Beurre and St. Michael pears.

Molly and I liked to go into the country, but we did not sigh for it, for we found something pleasant and exciting to do every day. We owed our parents gratitude for many blessings, and for one which all children do not know now,—contentment with simple pleasures. But we might have gained more from our garden. We did not observe enough. The minute a child begins

to study the green ball on which he rolls through space, he has no time to be dull. And all the flowers, and leaves, and insects become so interesting, and he has so much that is pleasant to talk about, that he does not ask, as empty-headed children do, "What shall I do now?"

Why, if you never move from the spot in which you now live, you cannot exhaust all there is to be seen in it. And by studying it you will learn more than from books. How stupid it is to go into woods and scarcely be able to tell one tree from another! How uneasy it makes one to come across wild flowers, lovely to behold, and dare not touch them for fear of being poisoned!

Till I was twelve I walked through the world as in a dream. I had studied many books and read any quantity of stories, but I was ignorant of the simplest things that my eyes had looked at without seeing. If you can believe it, I did not know where the sun was!

My teacher, her brother (the minister), and all the girls, stood ready, with smoked glass and eye intent, for the eclipse, the first I had seen. Miss F., noticing that my bit of glass did not point the right way, exclaimed, "Lucilla! where is the sun?"

"Everywhere," said I, "up in the sky." I meant the light; but what an answer for one of her brightest scholars! who almost always got the highest mark for lessons in history, geography, arithmetic, parsing, writing, composition! That is, I knew something from books, but little or nothing of what was passing before my eyes. And it was here that Miriam knew so much more than I did.

Perhaps I heard better than I saw; for I was wide awake to the rumor that the Asiatic cholera, having traversed Europe, was at our doors. I had such a panic about it, that I felt morally certain we were to die.

One morning, as we started for school, our mother's pretty face peered from the window, and she called out in a constrained sort of a voice, different from her usual clear trumpet tone, "Keep on *this* side the street!"

We hardly dared glance across; but, seeing no wild beast nor drunken man, we naturally asked, "Why?"

"Because the cholera is raging at Dr. Rand's old house."

If in your day the cholera reappears, do not allow yourself to get as frightened as I did. In the first place, by so doing you put yourself in the worst state in case you have the disease, and lessen your chance of recovery; and if you do not have it, you unfit yourself for lending a helping hand to others. And, in the second place, excessive fear is unworthy of the child who has reason to trust the Heavenly Father who never leaves nor forsakes him.

It is right to take precautions,—to wear flannel, to eat no unripe fruit, and to observe thorough cleanliness,—but, after observing these, to give no further thought to the disease. To escape fear, do not look forward, but try to be always ready for whatever may come. Say you are on a journey, and the coach reaches the door half an hour sooner than you expected, will that trouble you if your cloak be on and your trunk packed? So, if you are called home to heaven half an hour sooner, for this life is but an hour compared with eternity, will you not trustingly place your hand in your Heavenly Father's, having walked with him here day by day?

CHAPTER X.—*When Sober, Most Happy.*

OUR climate seems to be growing so much colder, that May-day is going out of fashion, and the first day of June is often kept in-

stead. But when I was a child, we kept May-day, or no day. The night before our first, Molly and I were so fearful we should not wake in time, that the wonder was we slept at all.

We woke before dawn, and, to our dismay, it was cloudy; but the air was soft, and we were allowed to go. The golden coach came at an early hour. Real gold? No; but gold to our hopes. Rose's father took care of us. Rose got up the party. Away we rattled over the Neck. Soon we reached Mr. Haskins's fine stone house in Roxbury. But no house could hold us May-day. So to the woods, after gathering flowers for the wreaths. I had a hope, but a very faint one, of being chosen queen. If I had been, I could hardly have survived it. I cannot remember the names of our king and queen; but we chose the handsomest girl and boy. Eating, running, laughter, and joy filled the day; and no other May-day ever came up to it to Miriam and me.

I can hear you say, "What fun! what frolic! How I should like such a May-day!"

But now I am going to tell you of some of Miriam's sober thoughts. And then you will cry, "Don't do that! Sober thoughts are not for the young."

May be you are so strong, healthy, and active, that you jump, run, sing, and scream from morning till night. If so, I pity your mother. Noise is beautiful in its season; but we can easily have too much of it. The noisiest child is not the happiest; and there is a time to be sober, as well as to dance. I dislike *gloomy* people as much as you do. They are as unsightly on the fair face of the earth as a blot of ink on a sheet of white paper. Cheerful, *quiet* people are the pleasantest to live with. For why are they quiet? Because they are content in making others happy.

Laugh as much as you like, my dears, but laugh in the right place, and at the right time, and always give yourselves time to think. Else, how can you "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth"? You have been taught, when you lay your head on your pillow, to pray that he will preserve you, and bring you to the light of another day. But is it not sometimes done formally?

What do you suppose made Miriam patient as she put on her double-wrapper, and sat down in the rocking-chair, to watch me preparing for school or a child's party? Was it not that she had learned to trust her Heavenly Father? And to be sure that he saw it was best for her to *wait* most of the time, and be thankful when she could walk in her soft, slow way through the world.

It was not necessary to urge Miriam to read the Bible. She loved to learn its beautiful stories by heart. No one was more attentive when our father gathered us around him Sunday afternoons to talk to us of what we ought, and ought not, to do. She did not read Sunday-school books in sermon time; for she was absorbed listening to the minister. And, if it be true that the preacher sees every upturned face, what a comfort to hold the attention of one of his youngest hearers, eager to find the way to heaven!

Miriam set down in her journal, which she early began to keep, much that she thought, did, and felt in the course of the day. This was not only pleasant, but made her mind grow. Once she wrote, "Had a long talk with Lucilla. How I do love these long talks!"

Strange that I cannot remember one of them. But as the Bible tells us we are to be called to account for every idle word, then in the great book of the Recording Angel is written down every one of those

long talks. Ought not a child to be careful to say nothing unkind or untrue, nothing that would make the children's angels hide their faces?

Perhaps you'll say, "I would not be Miriam, that sick girl, to stay at home and mope, while Lucilla went abroad to amuse herself!"

Now, that's a great mistake; happiness does not come from without. No; Lady Happiness is the sweet guest of the heart; there she takes up her abode, and I doubt not that she was more with Miriam than with me.

Molly, dear heart, wisely made the most of all she could get of pleasure, and did not pout when it was denied her.

Sometimes I see children who do not seem to care a fig for their parents or brothers and sisters; and then I am lost in wonder, remembering Molly's roomy heart, packed with father, mother, grandmothers, aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters, and far-away cousins.

Why, these cousins, whom children nowadays heed no more than autumn leaves blown by the wind, could not go to Europe, to the West, alter their lives in the smallest way, that Miriam was not at once interested, and eager to help with her small hands, if she could only find out how. And Molly did by her good wishes; for one thought of love makes the world sweeter and more worth living in.

THE CLOVER-BLOSSOM.

A PARABLE.

A PINK clover-blossom popped her head out of her green leaves one fine summer morning. She found herself planted in a border of grass that surrounded a circle of flower-beds in a beautiful garden, and scarcely dared to raise her eyes to take a peep at the grand place in which she was growing.

"You are very pretty," whispered a blade of ribbon-grass, bending down to the clover-blossom. "Now that I come nearer, I can see that you have a hundred beauties I didn't notice before, each one blushing sweetly."

"It must be so," thought the clover, as the wind swung the tall blade up straight; "for he is so high he can spy out every thing all around me."

She spread her pink and white-winged spikes wider and looked out at her neighbors, but soon discovered that of all the garden flowers she was the plainest and lowliest; though her leaves were soft and beautifully marked, they were unnoticed in the dark, green grass, and her pink and white-winged spikes, though there were so many of them, were very insignificant.

The blade of ribbon-grass bent gracefully toward a scarlet fuchsia, nodded to a tall spire of blue larkspur, and waved good-day to the "morning-glories," whose striped skirts were spangled with glittering dew. The garden was filled with stately beauties,—lady's-slippers in puffs and flounces of every hue, yellow marigolds, blue harebells, pansies in purple and gold, and majestic gladiolas in scarlet and white caps. The clover-blossom hung her red head: she felt like an uninvited guest; she had come there quite by accident; it was not intended that her lowly form and humble dress should appear among these fine flowers of quality.

"This is no place for me," she sighed, wishing that she might creep again under the cover of the green leaves, and hide her homely charms. But none of the gay beauties were thinking of her. The ribbon-grass took no notice of her; he was paying his compliments to the garden *belles*, and had quite forgotten the clover-blossom.

The eyes of the butterfly were very large; but he roved from one flower to another with-

out spying out the red clover-head. When the sun rose higher, the "four-o'clocks" and "morning-glories" closed their eyes and went fast asleep.

"Dear me! they look very old and withered, to be sure," thought the clover-blossom; "and I am not at all sleepy, my eyes are opening wider every minute. These fine folks do not suit me. Perhaps the gardener will chop off my head with his hoe when he sees me. I should not be very sorry, for I am of no use: no one needs me or cares for me here."

A busy bee came humming and buzzing through the garden; he hovered around the apple-tree; the blossoms had long ago withered; he could scarcely tell what he came there for, so he buzzed on and stopped at the group of "four-o'clocks."

"Lazy things!" said the bee. "Sleepy heads! they can't keep awake half of the day. They are the drones of the garden. I won't call here again. Ah! I need not expect any thing from you," continued he, in contempt, pausing for a moment at the withered, unsightly "morning-glories."

He was looking for something better than grace and beauty and mere ornament. The wise bee knew it could not be found on the dew-spangled skirts of the "morning-glories" and "four-o'clocks;" and so, also, he passed by the languishing fuschia, the blue harebell, gorgeous pansies, and red-capped gladiolas. They all looked after him as he flew past, wondering why they were neglected, and saw him linger near the clover-blossom, almost hidden down under the grass.

"Will you give me some honey?" said the bee. "I have come miles for it; I have passed by all the fine garden flowers, hunting for my little favorite; I always find honey stored away in your red and white spikes. I will carry it to the hive, where we all know

that the best honey we have is that which we beg from our friends the clover-heads."

"Take what I have to give you, busy bee; you may have my honey," said the clover-blossom pleasantly. "Ah! I am of some use, then," she thought, as the bee flew away from the garden, laden with honey taken from her blossom. "It is better to live and die in the shade down here, with the gentle green grass, than to be a brilliant garden beauty. I would rather be useful than ornamental." The evening breeze wafted the tall blade of ribbon-grass down toward the clover-blossom, as she murmured these thoughts to herself.

"The handsome flowers all wondered why the bee passed them by and came to you," said the ribbon-grass. The clover made no reply. She had learned the sweet spirit of contentment; she was happy, because she knew that, however homely, she was of some use in the beautiful world in which the Creator of all things had placed her.

If any of my little readers should taste the sweetest honey from the hive, perhaps they may remember that from the clover-blossom the bee gathers it, and stores it away for our use. And as we see the common flower which springs up in every meadow and roadside, let us recollect that usefulness is greater than beauty; and what we lay up in our minds of more value than the most attractive outward appearance.

Early Days.

HUMOROUS.

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

"Father," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on the table?"

"Why," said the father, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table, "why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied smartness; "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the father, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them; "I'd like to see you prove that."

"Easily done, sir, — easily done. Isn't that one?" laying his knife on the first.

"Yes, that's certain."

"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the mother, who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son!"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding, and say, 'whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there."

FAIR words break no bones, but foul ones many.

Puzzles.

20.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

From me did Moses see the promised land;
My fate it was to die by brother's hand;
Two sons had I, disciples of the Lord;
King David's choir I led in sweet accord;
Grandmother great of Israel's mighty king;
From me my birthright did my brother wring;
I doubted once, but soon with joy believed;
I gave to God the son from him received:
The whole, a town where lived the noblest youth,
And grew in stature, holiness, and truth.

21.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first learn to say,
If enticed away;
My second you ever must shun;
My third always seek
Most truly to speak.
Now, that which is said to be one,
The other to be has begun.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

18. — Hemlock.

19. — W I N D
I D E A
N E A T
D A T E

THE DAYSPRING,
(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Unitarian Sunday-School Society,
(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy 30 cents.
Four copies to one address \$1.00.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.